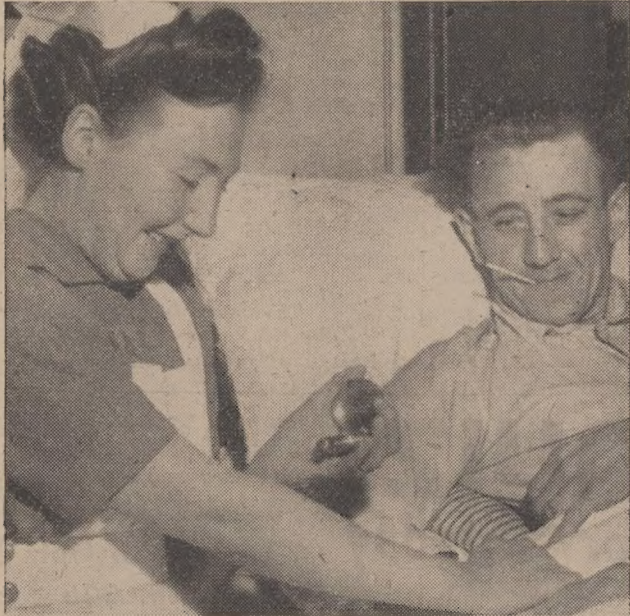


# Good 777 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## It's a tough job Stoker Bill Harrow

YOUR wife, Stoker Bill Harrow, was in the hospital ward at Barnsley Hall, Broms-grove, taking the temperature of Pte. Bill Ingle when we called at the hospital, and here is a picture of them.

Although all the boys said what a hard worker she was in the ward and how well she looked after them, your wife was very cheerful and nothing seemed to worry her. She was going home to Marston Green in the evening. She told me that Jack is in

Malta, and is very happy, and that John is home on leave from Germany. Mac, the dog, is patiently waiting for you at home.

Nursing is a tough job, but with happy and smiling nurses like your wife to help them the wounded boys are helped on. As Pte. Bill Ingle told us, "Every one of these girls is highly respected. They work long hours, but we never hear them moan. Some of the chaps here owe their lives to them."

THEY were coming now, the big fellows, and they were going down before the crouching, hard-hitting Tommy Farr, Max Baer, Ben Foord and others had come and gone. Each was a rung in the ladder that Farr had started to climb.

Then it was Walter Neusel's turn.

The fight was staged at Harringay on June 15, 1937. Now there was a special interest in the battle for Tommy Farr. He wanted to avenge Neusel's victory over Jack Petersen and Ben Foord; and both these ex-champions were at Harringay to see the contest.

It was said that Neusel's relatives were sitting in Germany listening-in to the fight. Something had told them he would win. Something had told some of the German colony in Britain the same message, for a number of them were present.

Everybody expected to see a hard and a long fight.

Max Schmeling, too, was there. He had been taken more than ordinary notice of by Herr Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador in London—and Mr. Ribbentrop is, as you know, now in queer street himself.

Neusel had spent five years dethroning one British champion after another. He had great staying power. He was indifferent to being hurt. It was with this reputation that he stepped into the ring that night.

He was going to finish this British and Empire heavyweight right away. That is how things looked—to him. He started in without any preliminary cantering. When the word was given he rushed across the ring and bored forward against the defence of Farr.

The latter tried to keep him off with his left leads, but Neusel got inside and hammered away at Farr's body.

But it was no novice that Neusel was hitting. It was not the earlier Tommy Farr who was not too sure of himself. It was a man who was

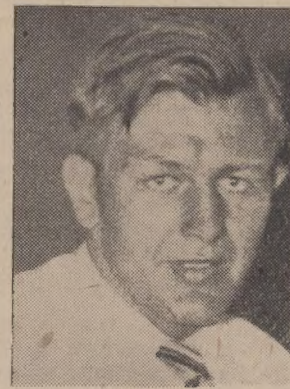
in superb trim, ready to fight and ready to mix it any time and all the time.

Time after time Farr stepped so that Neusel missed his mark. Once, when the German thought he was poised for the blow he wanted to shove across, he was pulled up sharply by a punch on the nose that made him stagger back. And before he could recover, in went Farr again and caught him a vicious thump on the side of the head with a right hook.

That was roughly the story of the first round. When it came to the second the honours were more even.

Neusel was at Farr's body again in the third with his mighty punches and hooks. He was doing fine, Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch, Germany! Hoch, Walter Neusel!

And hoch, Tommy Farr! For the powerful Walter Neusel was



WALTER NEUSEL

just punches. They were pile-drivers. And as Walter Neusel took them all his defence rotted and crumbled under the strain. It was not any more Neusel's fight, or shadow of a fight after

## LARRY MARKS

Tells how German strong man Neusel was beaten into stupidity by the rising

Tommy Farr.

the whole of the alphabet. Probably he thought it all.

As for Walter Neusel, he clung on to the ropes with one hand. He was dazed.

If his mind was working it could not assist his limbs. He hung there, feebly trying to move his legs. And the German strong man sat down on the floor of the ring and was counted out. He seemed to be beaten into stupidity.

The blows that had sent him to defeat were a neat left hook and then a powerful right to the jaw. Hoch, Tommy Farr. What a right on the jaw that was!

There were 14,000 people in the crowd who saw this dramatic end of the match. The 14,000 were stunned at the swiftness with which the giant had been toppled from his throne.

And then, when the first moments of bewilderment flashed away, the roaring came. The enthusiasm was terrific. Welshmen rose and waved flags and gave the customary and ardent rendering of "Land of My Fathers."

And Tommy Farr? After he had delivered the winning punch he had walked back towards his corner and waited. He saw his man shrink, he saw him drop, he saw him remain in that tragic sitting posture, as if the world was ended and all the strength had gone out of the earth.

Hardly a glance was spared for Walter Neusel, who sat in the ring, his head sunk on his chest, until at last he found his feet and stole from the scene with dejection and disappointment lying heavily on him.

Some of the spectators began to ask if it was a proper verdict that a man should be counted out in a sitting position. Neusel was not flat. He was crouched.

The answer to that is that if Neusel had had the strength, he would not have been sitting, and if he had not been sitting, with his one hand on the ropes, he would have been as flat as a board. So no attention could be paid to such a trivial objection.

Back in the dressing-room Tommy Farr looked longingly at his right hand. The critics were wondering where he had developed that punch. The critics had wondered a lot about Tommy Farr; and they may be wondering yet, for all I know.

But one thing they couldn't wonder about, and that was the defeat of Walter Neusel, who had not any more desire to wonder about anything for that night.

"Why," said Farr, "I knew I would win. Everything went according to plan."

And Neusel? He said that a cartilage of his knee gave way. "I was off my balance," he explained, "and could not get on to my feet. It was a punch that put me down."

Well, he had never before in England been knocked off his feet. He had been knocked out once by Max Schmeling. And Max Schmeling had sat during those terrific three rounds and had seen the finish.

"Farr," said Schmeling, "had my countryman beat."

Next to Max Schmeling that night sat Herr Ribbentrop, also watching his countryman being beat.

And who was Tommy Farr to meet next?

The great Max Schmeling went back to the Savoy Hotel that night and thought things over. And Herr Ribbentrop went back to the German Embassy to think things over. He had made up his mind that Max Schmeling would teach Tommy Farr a lesson when they met, if they met.

(Next: The Joe Louis Fight)

## Five men and a woman thought they were divine

THEY say that another "Prophet" has arisen in our self-styled "divinities," too. Missouri who has foretold that the end of the world will be in 1982.

He says he got the news in a vision, and that he is a sort of Messiah come to warn us all to prepare.

It is curious that this newest "prophet" has arisen not far from where Mormonism was born, and Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, also foretold the end of the earth. Only it didn't happen as he said it would. He got murdered instead, and that was the end for him.

It may be news to most people

that we in England have had into prison, tortured, made to ride a horse face to tail, and was pelted with garbage and filth. The

There are on record at least six such deluded people, all of whom claimed that they were Messiahs in some fashion or other.

Probably the most famous of these was James Naylor.

He was a printer in Commonwealth times, and was by religion a Quaker before he got his visions. He started his "mission" in Bristol and entered that city at the head of a host of followers in circumstances which suggest he thought he was like Jesus entering Jerusalem.

### NOT SO HOLY.

Most of his converts were women, and these ecstatic creatures, who accompanied him, advanced in front shouting, "Holy, Holy, Holy," while he came on mounted on a white horse, and bestowing his blessing on the crowds.

Behind him came other followers shouting the same refrain. Many of them believed that the Second Coming was at hand.

But the Puritans thought different. They arrested Naylor, who made no resistance, and accepted matters in close imitation of the New Testament story. He kept quoting, "I am reviled, but I revile not again."

He was tried for blasphemy and his punishment was terrible.

His ears were slit, he was thrown into prison, tortured, made to ride a horse face to tail, and was pelted with garbage and filth. The

He renounced his claims to divinity and became a good Quaker again.

Then there was Richard Brothers who broke loose on London with the claim that he was Divine, and was a special Messiah to change the world. He called himself "King of the Hebrews," and was accepted by many as the real Messiah.

Claiming to perform miracles, he blessed cripples and diseased people, but no miracle was forthcoming, although a few excited people did think they were cured. But their cures did not last long.

Brothers was stoned at Plymouth, and accepted his treatment because (he said) it was only to be expected. In 1795 he was charged with blasphemy, and in front of his judges he insisted that he was actually the Messiah, and had been born miraculously.

His end was tragic. He fell down in a fit and seems not to have had any memory of his claim when he recovered.

Then there was old Joanna Southcott, the servant girl of Exeter, who turned Prophetess and

had many believers. She still has a few.

She not only foretold the end of the world, but she had a box which she declared contained the secret of the world and the "keys of Heaven." But this box was not to be opened except by 24 Bishops.

Although she admitted she was not a Messiah, she preached that she would give birth to the Messiah. She wrote doggerel verse on every occasion she could put pen to paper.

But she died a poor old thing without being the mother of any body.

After her came John Nicols Tom, who gave it out that he was "the peasants' saviour." He, too, "worked miracles," and vowed that anyone who questioned his powers would be condemned to uttermost hell and damnation.

But when he was questioned he suddenly stopped his claims, and died in a workhouse after thrilling the whole of England for a year or two.

J. H. Smyth-Pigott rose to notoriety in comparatively recent years. He established a community in the Home Counties, where he devoted his people to praying and prophesying. Most of the adherents to his Soul's Rest were women.

He was said to have a peculiar

power over women, and charges were made against his morality.

Whether he believed all he taught is questionable, for he dropped out of public view and died as recently as 1927. So ended another Messiah.

But the country that has seen the rise of the most peculiar sects is America.

About 1850 there was a body known as the Resurrectionists, who gave up all their worldly goods to their leader, Dr. Elias Bowey, who claimed to be a specially sent Messiah.

### A COLD CALL.

He prophesied that the end of the world would come on December 25th, 1851. He had had a revelation to that effect.

He and his followers spent the night of the 24th on a mountain-side in bitter cold, praying and making themselves ready to ascend to Heaven the next day.

But the 25th passed in a snow-storm, and several of the believers got frostbite, others got severe colds in the head.

And Bowey made his getaway in the afternoon—and took with him as much of the money from his treasury as he could carry.

He was never traced. And that was the end of another so-called "Messiah" who suffered from delusions.

A. RHODES.



Our address still is:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1







Wangling Words No. 715

- 1. Behead a wearisome story-teller and get a mineral.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: eciiefinitelywhattootoay.
- 3. What river in Scotland can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: My — has just rolled into that — under the bed.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 714

- 1. D-OVER.
- 2. Try hitting the top with a mallet.
- 3. EXE, AXE, TYNE.
- 4. Dimple, limped.

JANE

Who Sliced the Steering Cable?

(Continued from Page 2)

Hird took the wheel, for it was ticklish steering until the islet of Motoutu was passed.

They had just reached beyond the isle when Hird felt the wheel suddenly slack off in his hands. The schooner fell away, wallowing in the swell.

"What's the matter there?" he roared. "Jaluit!"

Not a sound came from the deck. Hird whirled the wheel round and round. It was loose. He jumped aft and gazed downward and saw the reason. The steering cable had been sliced through.

In a bound he was along the deck, roaring for Jaluit and the crew. When he reached the waist he peered forward, amazed and surprised. Not a man was on deck.

He found them in the fore-cabin, all sitting up and seemingly

sober. Old Jaluit was in the centre of the crowd.

"Here, you lot, up on deck! Tumble up there! I'm going to find the swab that cut the steering cable. Jaluit, get them up!"

"Say, boss, hadn't you better call 'em up by name? You'd know your men then."

"All right. Come as you're called, or I'll whale the hide off every one of you."

He ran aft and stood on the poop. He paid no attention to the swinging boom, which was rolling from side to side with the heave and roll of the vessel.

The cries of the girl in the cabin did not bother him.

"She's safe now," he said. "I'll let her out. The shore is too far off for her to be heard."

He unlocked the door of the cabin and let her out.

"I'm going to give you a lesson

on the discipline I get on board ship," he said warningly. "You'll see how I treat people who go against me. You can take your last look at Papete."

He began to call the names of the crew, holding the list by the light of the binnacle.

They came aft and stood in the waist as he called. Jaluit was in the bows, listening to the roll call. When the last man answered the diver stepped forward.

"Boss Hird, there's another man comin', I didn't put his name on the list 'cos you knows it. Member you thought you saw a shark when you and boss Corralee rowed ashore? I was dat eyes were fixed on the whitening face of his partner."

Hird was staring at the old man fixedly. Glory Renshaw was next a throat, and her hand was raised, her finger pointing forward.

Dawn was flushing up from the east; but it was not the dawn she pointed at, nor was it

old Jaluit, who kept on talking. It was at a figure which came from the forecastle.

"Yes, I was dat shark," went on Jaluit loudly. "And I saw you use de hatchet. It was me that fixed for the crew to come back. They weren't doped, either. It was me that cut the steerin' cable, too, so's you couldn't run the ship until someone had a talk wi' you. Here he is, boss Hird."

There, for all to see, Corralee was walking from the bows. He came slowly, his face pale but set, and his hands by his sides. He did not heed the cry which broke from Glory's lips, for his eyes were fixed on the whitening face of his partner.

Hird sagged as if he was facing a ghost, then his eyes travelled to old Jaluit, and with an oath he started forward at a run.

What his intention was no man ever knew, for as he jumped into the waist, before Corralee could reach him, the vessel rolled.

The boom creaked and swung to starboard, then to port, free and unfettered by helm.

As it came to port it caught the moving figure of Hird in its swing—caught him on the head with a thud that sounded like the crushing of an egg-shell, and threw him, already a dead man, far into the waters which raced out to sea.

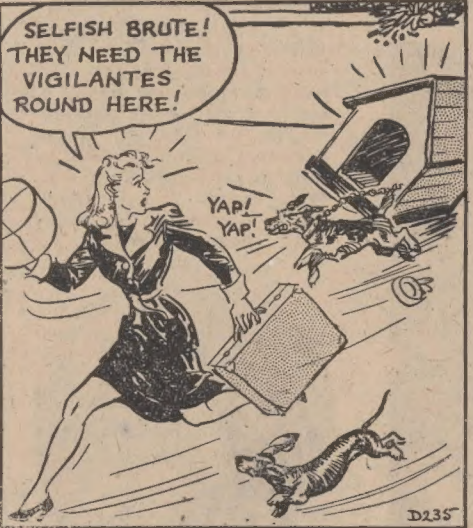
Not a man moved, not a word was spoken, until the voice of Corralee broke the stillness.

"Jaluit, I'll thank you later for bringing me aboard last night. In the meantime, get the steering cable spliced. Carry on, boys!"

And as he went up the ladder to the poop where Glory Renshaw stood, with outstretched arms, waiting for him, the voice of old Jaluit rose above the creaking of the boom.

"Ten fathoms deep—" The slap of the bare feet of the crew kept time to the music.

THE END



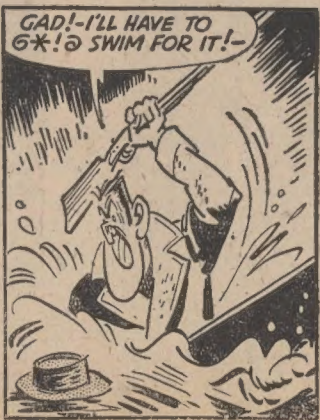
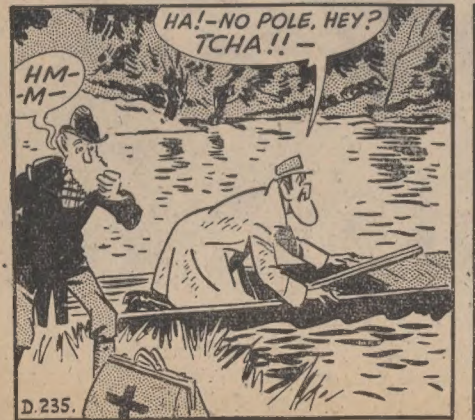
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

MANY queer things are recorded on the files of Patent Offices, but Mr. T. Floyd Leininger, of Florida has an automatic life-saver for timid citizens. A piece of harness worn round the shoulder carries a small electrically-controlled pistol.

This, being worn beneath the shirt, is supposed to be unnoticeable and hangs in the centre of the chest. A wire goes from the mechanism of the pistol to a push-button on one knee.

The idea is that when the inoffensive citizen is accosted by a hold-up man, his hand shoots up and his knees knock together in fright.

When one knee contacts the other, the pistol fires and the highwayman is bumped off.

SOME sixty years ago, Mr. Arthur Matthams, of Chignal St. James, near Chelmsford, Essex, took his scythe and went out into the village fields to help cut the wheat. And every autumn since he has worked in the same fields, bringing in the harvest.

Before mechanical reapers and binders came in, he was the leader of the harvesters, setting the pace for the scything, and was known to them as "The Lord of the Harvest."

Aged seventy-two, Mr. Matthams works on the same farm where he worked as a ten-year-old.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

PART	NIGH	V
LEASE	ROPE	
HUMS	THAMES	
AMITY	OVERT	
S	NEARLY	I
POD	COD	ALL
P	SHEETS	A
TIGHT	RAPID	
ENLIST	LILY	
REAR	ADORE	
MADE	DEFY	NEXT

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9		10	11		
12			13	14		15
16			17	18		
	19	20				
21					22	23
		25	26	27		
28	29	30			31	32
33				34	35	
	36			37	38	
39			40			

- CLUES ACROSS.—2 Three-dimensional, 6 Fruit, 8 Musical work, 10 Disseminated, 12 Expand, 14 House, 16 Horse, 17 Aromatic, 19 Complex system, 21 Unaccompanied, 22 Mislay, 25 Exhortation, 28 One of the U.S.A., 31 Precautions, 33 Respond to stimulus, 34 Hat, 36 Inserted piece, 38 Cougar, 39 Moose, 40 Recipient.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Lower, 2 Wooden weapon, 3 Exercise, 4 Remains, 5 Lid, 6 Experienced, 7 Inactive, 9 Musical instrument, 11 Sea-snail, 13 Part of Australia, 15 Chopper, 18 Cheat, 20 Themes or discourse, 21 Move, 23 Obscure, 24 Play poorly, 25 Considered, 27 Animal, 29 Boy's name, 30 Damp, 32 Fuel, 35 Unfold, 37 Towards.

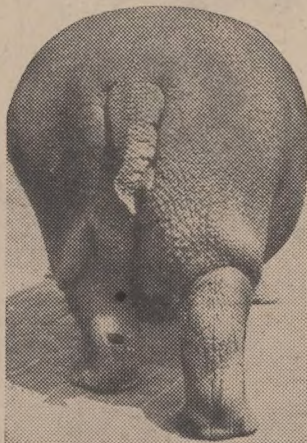


# Good Morning



## OUR LAND.

Rural, restful, easy to day-dream about. Thoughts go back to pleasant days in the country when the eye lingers on this afternoon scene in Chipping Campden, near Mickleton, not far from Stratford-on-Avon. Lovely names — happy days!



## A POSTERIORI.

No cracks, please! This stern expression reflects a Hippo's outlook on the food situation. The thing like a door-knocker is his tail, and if you pulled it, you'd never pull another, for those elegant legs supporting the mass pack a ponderous wallop!



## SOPHISTICATED CHARM.

Somewhere over the mountains you can find this sort of thing going on. The lovelies are dressed for sunshine and frolicking, but where are the boy-friends? They must be looking at the wrong scenery!



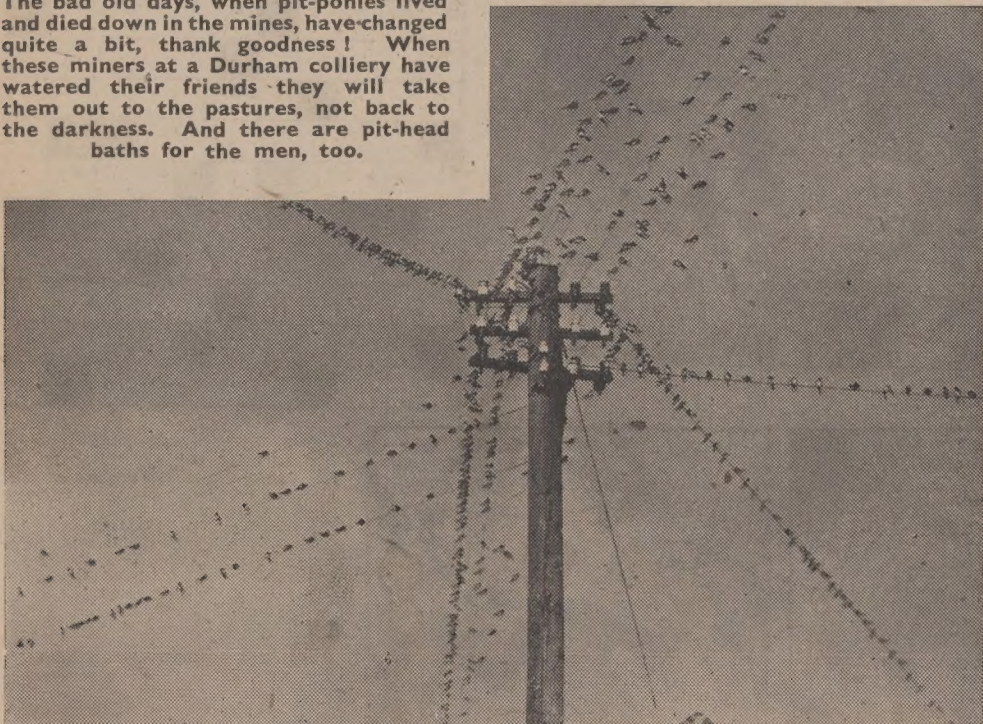
## UP FROM THE COAL-FACE.

The bad old days, when pit-ponies lived and died down in the mines, have changed quite a bit, thank goodness! When these miners at a Durham colliery have watered their friends they will take them out to the pastures, not back to the darkness. And there are pit-head baths for the men, too.



## WE DO IT NATURALLY!

Ungainly? Look again! There's poise from toes to finger-tips in this unusual "water ballet" picture, and it took years of hard work to achieve the perfect muscle control for this "devil's leap."



## THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

Swallows festoon the telegraph lines — preparing to answer their mysterious call and fly hundreds of miles across land and sea, to their migratory haunts. They'll be back!



## THEY KNOW THEIR NUMBER'S UP!

In Dublin's fair city a spot of bother like this keeps Irish eyes smiling. The sheep have held up the traffic, and the tram-driver and conductor will need the shepherd lad's help before they get the track clear.